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No. 6. PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, JUNE 14. 1864.

THE FAIR MOVEMENT IN THE LOYAL STATES.—No. 6.

THE BROOKLYN AND LONG ISLAND FAIR.

THE Brooklyn and Long Island Fair was the creation jointly of the "War Fund Committee of Brooklyn and County of Kings," now consisting of one hundred and thirty of its prominent active citizens, acting through its Sanitary Committee, or "Committee on the United States Sanitary Commission and Hospitals;" and of the "Woman's Relief Association of the City of Brooklyn," recognized by the Commission as its "Brooklyn Auxiliary," to which the Sanitary Committee of the War Fund is advisory, without whose concurrence none of its measures can be carried into effect.

Early in October the plan of a great Fair for the city was suggested by Mr. JAMES H. FROTHINGHAM, of the Committee, and he and the Chairman, Mr. DWIGHT JOHNSON, conferred with the President of the Sanitary Commission, Dr. BELLOWS, and corresponded with friends in Boston, where great Fairs had been held with eminent success, on the best mode of conducting them.

On the 20th of November, the Woman's Relief Association of Brooklyn decided to unite in the effort, as the Brooklyn Division of the Metropolitan Fair, leaving open the question in which city the Brooklyn Division would carry on their work.

Towards the end of the month, the managers of the Metropolitan Fair, on the part of the New York Division, had decided that it must be postponed from the 22d of February to the 28th of March. The ladies who represented the Brooklyn Division, the Gentlemen's Committee coinciding, felt, on the contrary, that it would be entirely bad policy to accede to such a postponement. The enthusiasm in Brooklyn was at its height; the 22d of February was hallowed and heart-stirring in its associations, and they could not afford to ignore or lose them. That must be the day for the Fair in Brooklyn city, and it was decided to cut loose from all connection with the Metropolitan Fair.

On the second of January a great meeting was held in the Academy of Music, in Brooklyn, to further the interests of the Fair. At this meeting a large amount of money was subscribed, and great enthusiasm prevailed. Hon. MOSES N. ODELL, one of the members of Congress from that city, thus detailed his personal experience of the workings of the Commission in the army. He said:

"I was at the White House nearly two years ago, and I remember to-night very well that before I had been there long, there came down from Fair Oaks some five or six hundred wounded soldiers on a train of cars, and then I discovered the vast resources and usefulness of this Commission. I found on board those steamboats numbers of ladies and gentlemen, ready to go to work with willing hearts and able hands to administer to the wants of those wounded and dying men. Now the Government, I have no hesitation in saying, from the beginning of the war have had a proper appreciation of the needs of the soldier, and have done all in their power, but under such circumstances as these the Commission was ahead of them—hours and days ahead of the Government in the supply of what was needed on that occasion. [Applause.]

"I joined this Commission then at once, enrolled myself as a working and active member, and remained there four days and nights, during which time there were 3,465 wounded men received, their immediate wants supplied, and necessary medical assistance furnished by the Commission, and they were then sent from there to the Washington and other hospitals. And had not these vessels been there with their bountiful supplies to make the soldier comfortable in his wants and sickness, the suffering would have been untold. I shall never forget one incident, occurring during my services there. I had taken in my hand a pail of iced lemonade, prepared from the stores of the Commission, and went out to the cars to distribute it among the wounded. One poor fellow I saw there had been left for dead on the field, and the rebels had robbed him of every thing. They had taken all his clothes, and he was wrapped in a blanket. He was scarcely able to speak, but he showed me his wounds, and I gave him a glass of lemonade, for which he returned a look of inexpressible gratitude.

"A ball had taken out his right eye and came out behind his ear, and he was not expected to live; but two or three weeks afterward, in a hospital where I went to find some of the Fourteenth Regiment boys, I found him with a patch over his eye, seemingly getting well, and he said to me: 'Sir, I wish I had a house and lot to give you.' Now, I was only the instrument of the Sanitary Commission; it was their ice and their lemonade, and I was simply the instrument to carry it from their boat to the car, to this poor fellow. You may

undoubtedly to the lady, or to a *Gymnocladus Canadensis*, "but ere I leave thee, tell me, I prithee, what difference exists between the parlor of Penn and thine own abode of flowers? The flower belle gently raised her head callaslily, or carelessly, and said, "The palmy days of Philadelphia, when they wore palm-leaf hats, and the days of palms, when they are open for the Sanitary." The Professor departed radiantly.

The following note has been received from the original "Artemus Ward:"

WATERFORD, Oxford Co., Maine, June 5th, 1864.

MY DEAR MR. LELAND:

I am very busy with my new Book of Travels, but I'll try and send something on at once. I ought to, because I have much reason to feel grateful to Philadelphia; besides I'm a Sanitary "feller" to the backbone.

With great respect, faithfully yours,

CHAS. F. BROWNE.

Excellent Sanitary "feller," "wade in," as thine own hero observes. Hurrah for us!

ARTEMUS WARD WRITES FOR OUR DAILY FARE!

.....We are requested to mention that the old gentleman who was desirous of seeing "the Penn that was mightier than the sword" has been shown into The Parlor in a brown study and surtout; in Latin, *Penna habet*.....The following verses were lately received, with a perfumed paper glove in "a gift letter," at the Sanitary Fair Post Office.

"When gloves of olden time were thrown
By cavalier or knight,
The symbol meant as well is known,
A challenge to the fight.

This *gant d'amour* I fling to thee,
To bring thee to thy knees;
Our g'lances shall the lances be,
The distance what you please."

..... "I am confident," said Mr. Croaker to one of the Fair Restaurant Aids, "that you wont be able to hold out against the continual demands for food made on your department." "I am sure that we will be able to; for they have built the Restaurant on purpose for this, in the shape of a circle, so that there shall be No End to It." Mr. Croaker believed there was a joke in the high grass of this answer, so he unmasked another battery. "Oh, you must be very tired staying here at times until late at night." "Oh, no, the building is calculated to circle-late in." Two others of the Croaker family now came in, when, fortunately, our Fair Aid was borne off by gallant Arthur; who speaking quietly to her said, "Let us leave the Rest to Rant and fly to the soda fountain, maid, with me." They flew.

.....We call attention to the following:

LOST,

in the Fair Buildings, a Gold Band Bracelet, marked "M. R. S. from S. V. S. H." The finder will please return it to the Police Office on the Fair premises.

.....The English "poetry of the age" "catches it" again in our columns, as follows:

ORIGINAL POEM.

CONTRIBUTED BY TENNY'S SON.

Considered by judicious critics to be worthy of his father.

Creeping,
Peeping,
Sleeping,
Gentle Madeline.

Sitting,
Knitting,
Flitting.
Blythe Madeline!

Jumping,
Bumping,
Thumping,
Active Madeline.

Kneading,
Needing,
Then reading,
Prudent Madeline!

A kiss blown,
Now she's flown
And I'm alone.
Saucy Madeline!

This is what may be termed condensed suggestiveness.

HOW THE SANITARY IS WORKING IN THE FIELD.

[From our Correspondent with the Army of the Potomac.]

STEAMER "GUY," POTOMAC RIVER, June 1, 1864.

To the Editor of the Daily Fare:

The little side-wheel steamer, on whose deck I now write, as we are moving slowly toward the Bay, bears upon her bow-staff a flag on which is inscribed "U. S. Sanitary Commission." She measures one hundred and fifty tons burden, and is heavily freighted with stores for the sick and wounded of the Army of the Potomac. The store-rooms at Washington have furnished the cargo, and without detailing the articles severally, I will give the number of pieces, under several heads as follows:

1. Bedding and hospital furniture—in which are included a variety of articles, from bed-sacks to ring cushions..... 4,375
2. Wearing apparel—as woolen shirts, drawers, hose, &c..... 1,415
3. Hospital food and delicicies, including a great variety, as chocolate, coffee, tea, condensed milk, and farinaceous articles, dried fruits, in boxes and barrels, and twenty barrels ale, which is so much in demand in surgical cases where the drain upon the vital forces by suppuration and nervous distress, renders malt liquors almost a necessity 5,711
4. Miscellaneous articles—among which are canes, crutches, fans, slings, soap, splints, three boxes of magazines, and eight packages of reading matter 2,141
5. Stationery, and etcetera..... 2,134

With eight other boats chartered by the Sanitary Commission, and some of them larger than the "Guy," plying between the Capital, Baltimore, and the supply base for the army, some idea may be had by the people of the vastness of the work of transportation and distribution. The work of *collection*, however, is but too seldom thought of, and will never be measured. To the patriot women of America this labor chiefly belongs. In the din and confusion of battle—in the pain and sorrow of hospitals, but little is heard of this noble and generous effort. The soldier cries for help, and the help is bestowed, and the immediate giver, as he administers sustenance and comfort, becomes the recipient of gratitude and love, such as none can give more heartily than a loyal soldier; but the great source of supply, away back in the warm hearts of thousands of benevolent and unknown mothers and sisters, has its "record on high." and its recompense *within*. In the history of suffering there is no brighter page than that which records the valiant endurance of our soldiers, and the heroic self-sacrifice of the women of our country.

JUNE 2.

Our boat is now safely anchored for the night on the York River, about midway between Yorktown and Ferry Point. Our party are driven from the decks to seek shelter from a thunder storm in a little tri-angular saloon, where the evening is passed in conversation. Old Massachusetts is here by five representatives. New York, New Jersey, Ohio, and the Keystone are also here. Princeton, Union, Lafayette, Kenyon, Williams, and the University of Pennsylvania are represented in our little relief company of fourteen, and among them are gentlemen of large experience and observation in the world of letters and science. Before to-morrow night they will be enrolled at the White House for duty wherever their services may be most needed in the department of sorrow and suffering, in which there are two hundred of like intelligent character already occupied with the benevolent ministrations of their high calling.

JUNE 3—EARLY MORNING.

West Point is in view, and as we approach it our little craft veers from the mouth of the Mattapony, and enters the Pamunkey, and we are now finding our way along between its marshy banks, towards the end of our route. For three days nearly, we have been shut out from news and don't know where the scene of our labors will be. The Connecticut has just passed us, with the wounded for the Capital, and it may be that the valiant forces of the Union are pressing hard on to Richmond.—You may expect to hear from us every day, if there should be no interruption between you and us. Yours respectfully, J. P.

PRINTED by RINGWALT & BROWN, 111 & 113 South 4th Street, Philadelphia, for the Great Central Fair in aid of the United States Sanitary Commission.

kin all remember the oald times wen we used to *talk* abowt fitin for our country.....sense then moast of us has *done* it.....(here i looked at the principle warriers presunt) .....there is not one man heer who has not seen the huffs of the foman on his property.....(here i lookd at Oald Square GROVER.....hoose wheet was utterly rewind by the Rebs).....and so we know the value of fitin.....as well as of kindness to them who fite.....Tharfor i beseech you.....*Go in for the* SANITERRY! You would'nt stop at givin medsin and food to a wounded soldier.....why then hold back from givin to those who are goin to take it strate to him? .....If you dont *see it done* .....Providence does."

These were my words in my humble, plane way. ....Mr. Editer i hoap nobody will laugh at them.....for my bad ritin.....there is others besides me hoose stile has fell off sum, sense they left off steal pens for bayonets.....and no moar at present from

Your Freind ISAIAH MILLER.
Late Sergt. Co. C. 941st Regt. P. V.

A VERMIFUGITIVE SKETCH.

"All mortals are worms of the dust—*i. e., ver-men.*"

MR. EDITOR:—As I sauntered leisurely over the Fair, and marvelled at the evolving of today's creation out of yesterday's chaos, my foot touched something, the like of which you have possibly seen before, viz: a MS. I raised it; I examined it; I sequestrated it; and, although it purports to be eminently private and confidential, I instantly devoted it to print for the following reasons:

1st. It was in the Fair.
2d. It is on the Fair.
3d. All is Fair in love.
4th. The writer is in love.
5th. He is, therefore, Fair game.
6th, and lastly. The matter of which it treats is already, to a conspicuous degree, the property of the Fair.

Yours, respectfully, E. S. RANDOLPH.

DEAR THOMAS:—You write to express your sympathy with us of the "Central" on the subject of *Worms*. It is superfluous. The prevailing idea that the playful and curious little creatures, which suspend their myriad silken threads from roof, tree and banners, falling equally, as the rain, upon the just and unjust, embroidering skirts, exploring coats, examining undersleeves, measuring stockings, imparting an added liveliness to face-trimmings, measuring twelve feet to the inch, striped, acrobatic, social, inevitably sticking closer than a brother—the notion I say, that these interesting little companions are a nuisance, and not a blessing, is purely a vulgar error.

I entertained, at one time, the common prejudice against them. It was dissipated in the following manner: Being an eligible bachelor, and having approached the age of thirty without being able to concentrate my extremely sensitive and overflowing nature upon any one in particular, it will be readily understood that I entertain a lively interest in the sisters in general.

On entering the scene of wonders yclept the "Great Central," after the first bewildering sensation of banners, and lights, and dolls, and roses, and fountains, my eyes were thenceforth drawn from the fair to the fairies, who minister there in hundreds—I may say thousands,—some of them talkative, most of them civily, all of them peculiarly interesting. Wondering thus, my attention suddenly received a farther and final shock of concentration. Was it a face? a smile? a sash? No! It was what the poet calls

"A voice, a persuading voice."

The voice of an enthusiastic young creature, throwing all the energies of her nature into the endeavor to sell an article of merchandise for twice its value.

That was the voice for me. The effects of its peculiar persuasiveness might, in the domestic future, be irresistible—fatal, as in the case of the gentleman at that moment purchasing, at fabulous prices, articles he could never by any possibility use or dispose of. But destiny ordered it—that was the voice for me.

Those were the eyes, too, as I found when they flashed upon me. Uninitiated passers might have detected only the instinct for a customer in their fastening glance. I knew that it was destiny. Frantically I bought the things she set before me, after each purchase essaying to enter into conversation upon subjects other than barter, and ever baffled by her air of pre-occupation, from which she could only be aroused by the offer of another bargain. This was plainly a waste of time, not to speak of other treasures; know her I must, but this was not the way. Vainly I enquired of my numerous acquaintances; no one could give me an introduction.

What was to be done? *Some* men, so situated, would have planned a *coup d'etat*, but, unfortunately, the great, perhaps the only, fault of my character is excessive modesty. I am not the man for a raid; I must sit down to a siege, and await the advantage of circumstances.

I watched her for more than an hour; at the end of that time she gave a sigh of relief, threw off her commercial expression, and, in company with another lady, also interesting, sauntered in search of refreshments. I followed distantly; they sat and ate their ices, chatting merrily; I leaned against a green-wreathed post, and awaited the fateful moment.

It came. I saw, to my horror, swinging leisurely down from a bough above them, three or four inquisitive worms. One of them touched, through the thin white muslin, the shoulder of the friend. Overcome by that timidity which is so touching and ornamental in the female character, she shrieked aloud for help I perceived the advantage, and dexterously removed the intruder. Scarcely had she ceased to thank me, when a huge twig-colored creature lighted upon the up-turned cheek of my persuader.

Nerved by that heroic endurance so peculiar to the female character, she uttered no sound, but turned her mute, appealing eyes to me. I rushed to the rescue; she forgot her reserve in her gratitude; we conversed; we discovered the existence of mutual friends. The next day I secured an introduction; the next, achieved an acquaintance; the next, a mutuality of interest—in short, the thing is done.

And now you will ask, "Who is this fatal persuader? and by what signs shall I know her when I visit the Fair." Far be it from me to withold from the friend of my heart, or, indeed, from all the world, a knowledge of that in which I take such pride. You will notice her at once as having if not the prettiest, the most expressive face at the stall to which she belongs; this stall is neatly papered and ornamented with banners. Her dress is a full black skirt and white body; and if this should not suffice to indicate her, you will, of course, immediately recognize her by her badge.

If, as is barely possible, all these signs should fail, I will state to you, in confidence, that hers is the table at which there has been a little—I hesitate to call it quarreling—let me rather say a little variation of sentiment, developed into variance of expression. (But this between ourselves.)

As for her name, it is scarce worth while to burden your memory with it, as I intend to have it very speedily changed.

And now, farewell, my friends; and hail, ye myriad denizens of the trees, so much tamer than birds—so much more easy to cultivate, and while I live vermicelli shall be my soup, and wormwood my bitters; and when I settle, never shall vermifuge have a place in my domestic institutions; and when my wife and I ride out in our carriage, the coat of arms on it shall be a measuring worm pendant.

Yours, vermicularly, JOHN.

FATE AND THE ARAB LOVER.

[Written for "Our Daily Fare" by Rev. W. ROUNSEVILLE ALGER, author of "Poetry of the East."]

Milawne Tanbe loved Ab Talib's wife,
The fair and gentle Leila el Akteel;
And vain of harp and words is every strife
To tell what love makes hearts like Tanbe's feel.

He pines away, his love so deadly strong,
With maddening thoughts of Leila el Akteel.
At length his dying soul exhales in song,
And thus the notes in faltering accents steal.

"Let Lelia el Akteel, when I am dead,
But come where this poor body lies interred
And speak to me, and I shall lift my head
To answer, or my tomb itself be heard."

Three moons have sailed above the poet's tomb,
Built in the mountain side, his village nigh.
For camels twain the path yield, narrow room,
But there are two abreast now traveling by.

The burial place is still and lonesome all;
Weird lights and shades the fate of man rehearse.
"Go yonder, Leila, on that madman call;
See how he keeps the promise of his verse."

"A thing so cruel, Talib, do not bid;
I pray thee let us turn way and go."
Broke out the anger in his bosom hid,
"Must I enforce my order with a blow?"

Dismounts she then, unveils her lovely face,
And gropes her way beneath the summit sheer,
And reaching soon her lover's sleeping-place,
And softly calls, "Poor Tanbe, art thou here?"

A startled eagle in the cliff o'erhead
A stone sets loose, which falls with thundering sound,
Recoils from off the tomb and strikes her dead,
While frightful throngs of echoes wail around!

"It was the will of Allah, and her fate,"
Fierce Talib said, dismounting from his beast.
"To alter or complain it is too late:
But I will make one poor amends at least."

His sword breaks in the tomb: his wife he bears,
While mournful bodings through his bosom steal;
Apart the spicy shroud of Tanbe tears,
And places there sweet Leila el Akteel.

give many dollars, but cannot pay for or balance the comfort and good they did that man and thousands of others like him. And such scenes as this I witnessed constantly during the four days and nights I remained there.

"The agents and employees of the Commission rendered most efficient and faithful service the whole time.

"I saw the same thing again at the battle of Fredericksburg. The Commission was there again, long ahead of the Government, with all their plenteous bounty, bestowing it with a liberal hand on all who needed it.

"Again at Gettysburg I saw the same class of incidents. I there went to a hospital, where I was informed that some of the Fourteenth Regiment wounded were lying, and I found on the ground floor of a small house seventeen men connected with that regiment, every man with an arm or leg off, lying upon straw. The surgeon was kind, and did all he could, but they were, as I have said, lying upon straw, and all as they were picked up off the field, grimy, bloody, and dirty. I went through the town trying to buy seventeen clean shirts for them, but could not get them for love or money. I at length went to the quarters of the association, and told Dr. BELLOWS, whom I found there, of my need of shirts, bed-ticks, and sheets. "Knock open that box, John," called the Doctor to an assistant, and in a few moments I had all I wanted. And if you had seen me then in Gettysburg, you would have seen a man not very fond of carrying bundles, by the testimony of his wife, perfectly happy in the possession of an immense bundle of all those poor fellows needed. How their countenances lit up with joy when they saw what was then more to them than houses or lands! Why, the $35,000 you raised the other day did not pay for those seventeen shirts, bed-ticks, etc. Mr. BEECHER says he wants Brooklyn to be very near the head of the roll. I want her away up head, and I think we will get there if this same spirit lasts."

The Academy of Music was selected as the principal place of exhibition, but it became necessary to erect two temporary structures, one of which was occupied by the restaurant, and called Knickerbocker Hall, and the other by a hall of manufactures and the New England Kitchen. Seven-eighths of the articles consumed at the restaurant were furnished gratuitously, by means of an arrangement by which certain churches in the city agreed to provide for certain days. The net profits of this department to the treasury of the Fair was nearly $24,000. The most novel and curious feature of the Brooklyn Fair was the New England Kitchen, an attempt to re-produce the ancient manners and mode of living of the Puritans. There was, of course, a fireplace of huge dimensions, in whose capacious mouth an ox might have been roasted with ease. The tables were covered with old-fashioned china, and the guests returned, under the rigid rule of the place, to the ante-silver-fork period, and had to content themselves with two-tined steel. White sugar was religiously ignored, and "modern improvements" generally were at a discount. The idea was to live in the Past, and the Present was ignominiously banished.

Many before leaving the New England Kitchen, howsoever well satisfied with the new ways about us, were fain to conclude "the old is better." On the tables were bountiful supplies of toothsome viands—pork and beans, cider apple-sauce, Boston brown bread, pitchers of cider, pumpkin, mince and apple pies, doughnuts, and all the savory and delicate wealth of the New England larder. The guests were waited upon by damsels with curious names and quaint attire. Just such New England girls as spread the cloths and cut the loaves of a century ago, were the neat-handed waitresses of the New England Kitchen of the Brooklyn and Long Island Fair.

The proceeds of the Brooklyn Fair were about $400,000, of which the treasury of the Sanitary Commission received $300,000, the balance being retained by the Societies in Brooklyn to purchase material for making up into articles for the soldier. This was the first money received by the treasury of the Commission from any of the Fairs popularly called Sanitary, except a sum of $50,000 appropriated to it by the Managers of the Boston Fair.

SERGEANT MILLER ON THE SANITARY.

NO. 3.

To the Editer of the *Daly Fare.*

Respected Sir. Esquare.

After the Evence.....Detaled in my last letter.....I was destined that afternoon to annother Friendly Surprise.....like as the Buzzerd sayd wen the Crow promist to show Him a ded Cat.....witch turned out to be a deceest Cow.——For low and behold All my Union nabers who had herd of my sacrifise and of my perposed vissit to the Mectropoles of our Stait caim marchin in Festiv percesshen.....Too by too.....to do me Honor. I herd frum afar the gay Peel of ther voises as they sung in corus that wild and marshle Lay:

I bought a chickn for fifty sents
Hurra!
I bought a chickn for fifty sents
And the darned ole theng flew over the fense.
And wele all drink stoan blind,
Wen Johnny cums marchen hoam!

In Sixty One the War begun
Hurra!
In Sixty One the War begun,
In Sixty Two we put her thru,
In Sixty Three the Niggers was fre,
In Sixty Fore.....the War 'll be ore,
And Johnny cum marchin hoam.

As sum imperfect and gorbellyd accounts of this grate event witch startled the Groaves of Huckleberry.....may have reeched your eres .....I deam it proper to describ the percession as it reely was in all its gloary. Furst of all came,

DER MAJOR SEI JIM,

(Playing his fiddel.)

[This is an oald wite heded darkey.....his master, the Major, has been ded and berried this fifty yeer.]

SIM DETWEILER AND HIS TOO SUNS,

Baring a baner with the words:

SOME IS BRAVE,
Some is Ginerous!
And
SOME IS BOTH!!

[I nede not say.....this delicat allusion to me as 'Some' drew teers to my ize.]

THE APPLEJACK FITIN FAMILY (of 28),

(*Too by Too.*)

[Five of these has been wounded in the army. Sense ther return they hev distinguished theirselves by perniscus war on all the Seceshceners round here.]

THE BAUMBERGERS.

(*too* by *too.*)

[These thre brethrin obtaned immortle gloary in the Rade of 1863 by enticin ten Rebel soldiers into ther smawl Logg Hut with a plate of Spreadings.....after witch they tide a roap arownd the howse.....upsett it with a hickery beem.....and roaled it down hil oaver and oaver, a ful mile, into a Fedral camp.]

BILL GROAVER.

in ful uniform.

[He is a 2d Lieutenant, at home on Furlow. Ginerally considerd to be the hansomest man on the Line.]

EL SMITH.

[Editer of the *Huckleberry Basket.* One of our moast prominent citizens.]

THE COON HOLLOW CROWD.

[A hily intelligent set of able yung men.]

After these came a lott of my tuff an harty freinds down frum the Mountins.....hurrain and cheerin like all posest.....sumtimes for the good oald Union.....sumtimes for Ginral Grant.....mingeld with grones as they pasd the howses of noated Seceshes.....witch must hove Pennytrated to the very back seller wher they hidd ther trembln, traterus Forms..... Pawsing at lenth befoar the Howse, whense i addvanced an thus adresd them:

"My Freinds.....the meening of this testymoniel would be plane even to the def and Blind.....how mutch moar so to me.....Who have oanly lost an arm. (Loud cheres and crize of '*good,*' and '*Go ahead!*') If our grate Governr ANDY CURTIN could feal grattyfide att being *cawld* down from his native mountains to serve his Stait.....what shall *i* say, to whom many of you have cum doun hil *yourselvs*..... Some of you 8 and 10 miles.....to do me honer! (*Sensashun.*)

"But my freinds.....what am *i*.....compared to that which you honer in me.....i meen the Sanniterry.....witch itself in turn meens the good old Union in its form of charity and benevolents.....God bles em all!.....You

OUR COUNTRY'S CAUSE.

BY M. J. M. S.

War's cruel ploughshare cleaves the land
In furrows wide and deep;
Each furrow is a hallowed grave
Where our loved heroes sleep.
But all the seed we're planting now
In weariness and pain,
Shall, at the harvest-time bring forth
Fair fields of priceless grain!

Our hearts are saddened by the sight
Of sick and wounded men;
It seems as though God's summer air
Could ne'er be pure again.
But side by side with war's dark sins
Man's noblest virtues shine,
And woman's sweet compassion beams
With lustre half divine.

Sweet Mother Earth with tender care
Covers her wounds with flowers,—
And we would learn her loving art
For these deep wounds of ours.—
For though our griefs must inly bleed
Through many a coming year,
Each sorrow makes our country's cause
To patriot hearts more dear.

OUR OWN GREAT CENTRAL FAIR.

What is Seen and Done There—Reports and Gossip.

THE rush to the Fair was greater yesterday than any former day. The ticket sellers were kept as busy as so many financial bees hiving the green-backs, which are to go towards the funds of the Sanitary Commission. In all the avenues and departments there were throngs of delighted visitors, and a good business was done all around. We continue our notice of the Fair, and the matters and things connected therewith.

THE PENNSYLVANIA KITCHEN.

The Executive Committee of the Great Central Fair did a sagacious thing when they placed Mrs. H. P. M. BIRKENBINE at the head of the ladies' branch of the committee to get up a Pennsylvania Kitchen. The lady named not only aided in the work of getting up the kitchen, but she has proved a host in keeping it "up," a task not less important than the primary organization of the institution. In the first place, we have a large room, "white washed with blue," or with some other color.

The prudent people, whose social and domestic habits the kitchen is designed to illustrate, know nothing of wall paper, and they are not at all familiar with fresco painting, but they have a taste for art—cheap art—a love of art which prompts them to cut a raw potato into a diamond or a heart-shape, and having dipped their carved esculent in whitewash, to proceed to embellish the walls with a variety of small daubs which faintly suggest promiscuous in-door snowballing, with considerable eccentricity in respect to form upon the part of the snowballs. In this style of high (Dutch) art, the walls of the Pennsylvania Kitchen are adorned, and we accept the described condition of things as a judicious step towards the preservation of the unities in respect to white and other washes.

At one end of our kitchen there is a mammoth stone fire-place, with its chimney corner capacious enough to afford shelter for half a dozen shivering mortals of a cold night, when the old dame is busy with her spinning, and the young *Fraulcins*, who are not "sparking," are busy with their apple-paring, stocking-knitting, or netting, and other useful employment. There swings a crane with its pendant pot-hooks and hangers, and below are the huge old andirons which used to grace all family hearths in the days before hickory had become obsolete, and ere oak had yielded the palm to anthracite. Over the mantel hangs the trusty rifle, and upon the mantel-piece itself there are brass candlesticks, snuffers, and other traces of the happy age before tallow candles had succumbed to gas at three dollars per thousand feet, and Government tax added.

Our Pennsylvania Kitchen affords evidence of prospective good cheer in the gammons that adorn its walls; the dried beef promises well, while stalwart sausages and able bodied puddings, mingled with strings of dried apples or "schnitz," in festoons, give evidence of abundance.

There is necessarily a little blending of the parlor with the kitchen in this department. The corner-cupboard glistens with rare china, every bit of which is at least a hundred years old, and some of it dating back, probably, for twice or thrice that period. Then there is the dresser, with its wealth of polished pewter platters, its tidily scrubbed shelves, and all over proclaiming Berks county in the most unmistakable—though silent—Pennsylvania Dutch. The ancient clock, the quaint old chair, the spinning-wheels, with their venerable manipulation, the large family bible, the flax hackling and "cards," all the labor of Berks county.

And, by the way, we would hazard a trifle against a handful of "schnitz," that Mrs. BIRKENBINE has some mysterious agency with "Old Berks," judging from the fact that that productive locality sends regularly down to our Great Sanitary Fair huge supplies of ready-made bread, (and bread, too, that is worthy of the name,) with gammons, eggs, tongues, ready-made noodles, dried beef, and the inevitable "schnitz." In point of fact, Reading, which is the representative of Berk's County, in the furnishing of these welcome supplies, has done so well in the noble Sanitary cause that we have almost promised ourselves to never again poke fun at the bad English and worse Dutch of Berk's countians, or to assert that they are still voting, every four years, the out and out, unsplit Jackson-ticket for the Presidency.

There are no table cloths in the Pennsylvania kitchen; napkins are tabooed, and silver forks are not recognized. We have in their place pine tables, scrubbed as clean as a Hollander's door-step, and food as wholesome and scrupulously tidy as the boards they are served upon. There is a bill of fare in sound Pennsylvania *Deutsch*, which we would here publish, had it not already appeared in our columns among the observations of "Sergeant MILLER."

If any lady or gentleman with a mind to try some "Dampf-knauf und Schnitz," is disposed to invite our opinion concerning that particularly Teutonic dish, we can only fall back upon a sort of a Tootsish conclusion, and express the conviction that it is very nice, judging from analogy, and considering the fact that some waffles and cheese-cake which Mrs. BIRKINBINE insisted upon making the Pelion to the Ossa of a very good dinner, which we had already enjoyed in the Restaurant department, were very good, and quite up to the old home standard, which is sufficient praise.

The Pennsylvania Kitchen is doing a very large and rapidly increasing business. Its excellent cooking facilities, which are in the rear of the Stone Chimney already described, are full and complete, and experts from "Old Berks" preside at the spit and the waffle-iron. In the kitchen proper the guests are waited upon by fair young

"Maidens with their kirtles short.
And golden bodkined hair."

They are volunteer aids, who assume the dress of the locality they represent, and who, like all other right-minded persons, think all sacrifices light that are made in the holy cause in which they are engaged.

DELAWARE.

This State has done nobly. Small as she is, her contribution to the great cause is varied and interesting. Feeling deeply for the soldiers battling for the country, and the perpetuity of its institutions, her citizens have come forward and joined hands in their endeavor to add to the treasury of the Sanitary Commission. Delaware has regiments in the field who have reflected credit upon their State, and her soldiers are among the most trustworthy in the army of the Potomac. While these veterans are at the front, their friends at home have not been unmindful of their interests, and in addition to the liberal contributions in cash to the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, the collection of articles in the Great Central Fair will net a handsome sum in aid of the holy work. Truly, "The Blue Hen will Protect Her Chickens."

The display by Delaware is on Eighteenth street, and south of Union avenue, and it includes an Art Gallery, a Department of Arms and Trophies, and another of Relics and Curiosities, in addition to the large collection of fancy and useful articles temptingly arrayed for sale.

Our Daily Fare.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 14, 1864.

SUITABLE FOR A GENTLEMAN.

PROBABLY there are few things among the rich and vast varieties exhibited at our Great Fair, so difficult to find as a present "suitable for a gentleman." We are not prepared to take very high ground on this subject at present, and to attribute the difficulty to the superiority of the male sex in being entirely above the adventitious aids and requirements of the fair; we are content to state the fact. Nobody ever was at a loss for a present to a woman. The only question to be considered is the amount you desire to appropriate for the purpose,—given that, as the mathematicians say, and the problem is easy. Diamonds and cashmeres float high up among the thousands; corals and crapes are among the hundreds, while the vulgar fractions of those sums represent to the bewildered vision every thing that is "neat and appropriate." There are things, too, which all sorts and conditions of men can, with propriety, offer to all sorts and conditions of women. You can present something expressive of gratitude, love, approbation, esteem, friendship, or even colder sentiments—mere politeness, for instance. There are abundant things which a man may want, but they are awkward things to present. You may send a man a cow or a piece of beef, not at the present time unacceptable, but certainly ungraceful. So, too, a pair of boots are not a pleasant thing to press into the hand of a friend in parting, nor is it quite delicate to order a ton of coal to be put in his cellar. A suit of clothes is by no means to be despised as a present, but so arbitrary is fashion, that although a lady might accept your suit, you could not with much delicacy accept hers.

Women, however, are not to be thwarted of their right to be generous by such slight obstacles as these, and they have, by common consent, decided that certain things are suitable for a gentleman, and they persist arbitrarily and obstinately upon it until the man has at last yielded and admits that if the articles in question do not suit him, it is his misfortune, and by no means their fault. What is called an "Afghan" would, to the uninstructed mind, appear, perhaps, as absurd an article as ever was devised for the use of man. Not so, however, to the person of enlightened intelligence. Few things, I am told, are more essential to a gentleman; in fact, life is a burden without one. In being very dear and very useless, it, in fact, unites the qualifications which have raised the diamond itself to its peerless position among gems.

An observing female, having noticed that when a chimney smoked, a cap was immediately put upon it, suggested to her sex, that man should, under peculiar circumstances, be treated in the same way. This gave rise to what are called "smoking caps," articles worked by ladies and worn on the stage by dissipated and designing characters. In fact, what is called the "get up," technically, of the bold, bad man of the melodrama, comprises the articles generally pronounced by female authorities as "suitable for gentlemen." The elaborate dressing gown, the smoking cap, and the worked slippers, present Captain HAWKSLEY to the audience as the prince and type of the accomplished swindler and man of the world. There are also traditions that the clergy, in the bosoms of their families, and sometimes in the presence of the fair donors, array themselves from their stores of these articles, of which they have an unfailing supply.

It is high time, however, that the male sex generally should accommodate themselves to the necessities of their position. Why should they continue to deny themselves the use of what the highest authorities in matters of taste deem appropriate for them. The articles may be disagreeable, they may be uncomfortable, but their adoption will now not only please those whom we most desire to gratify, but at the same time make a demand which will soon fill the treasury of the Sanitary Fair. Look around you, approach any table, and you will be supplied with articles exactly suited to your wants. It is only necessary to abandon your own vitiated tastes, and lay aside the prejudices of early education, to find something precisely "suitable for a gentleman."

BOUNTIES.

During the American Revolution this subject claimed the early attention of WASHINGTON, who, soon after he was chosen commander-in-chief of the army of the United States, wrote the following admirable letter to the President of Congress, then sitting in Philadelphia:

"HAARLEM HEIGHTS, Sept. 4th, 1776.

"Something is due to the man who puts his life in your hands; hazards his health, and forsakes the sweets of domestic enjoyment.

"My opinion is, that a good bounty should be offered, aided by the proffer of at least 100 to 150 acres of land, and a suit of clothes; and a blanket to a non-commissioned officer. However high the men's pay may appear, it is barely sufficient, in the present scarcity and dearness of all kinds of goods, to keep them in clothes, much less to support their families."

His suggestions were approved by Congress soon after the receipt of the letter. It is equally applicable to our brave and gallant soldiers at the present time.

IF YOU once make a rule that a man cannot be gay, and at the same time godly, you will be more apt to decrease godliness than to destroy gaiety.

A NEW AND INTERESTING FEATURE.

In yesterday's number of our little journal we published the first of a series of letters from the army, written by a gentleman sent to White House for that special purpose. These letters are designed to explain the system and methods by which the Sanitary Commission carry on their grand work of benevolence. They will show every operation of the Sanitary from the time a package of goods is received by a branch office or society, to the time when the goods are distributed on the field or in the hospital; how the contributions are collected together in depots, receipted for and recorded; how they are sent forward on requisition; how they are taken care of both in the depots and on the field; how the quantities of the various articles required are ascertained; how they are issued, and the issues are recorded; how they are dispensed to the suffering soldier, and, in a word, how all the vast and multifarious proceedings of this noble organization are carried into effective operation.

To give these letters a living interest, the proceedings and actions described are those going on now at the White House, on the Pamunkey, among the sick, wounded, and suffering soldiers of the army of the Potomac—now while that army is in actual conflict, and now while our Fair to give them aid and comfort is claiming public attention and patronage.

This feature of the Fair journal, in addition to the history of the Fair movement in the loyal States, now in course of publication in these columns, and the full report of Our Own Great Central Fair, will make *Our Daily Fare* a complete record of all such matters down to date, and give the series of twelve numbers a permanent value.

SCHOOLS FOR VETERANS.

Among the maimed soldiers returned to us by the war are many young men who, though disqualified by the loss of a limb from pursuing mechanical callings, might succeed as teachers or professional men, and, in fact, in many "higher pursuits," were they well educated; and thousands among them are still capable of receiving the proper degree of culture.

Let there be an organized "movement" for the purpose of educating such men. Many are trained gratis to become officers for war; why should there not be education without price for the arts of peace? Their countryman can well afford to support and teach these brave fellows any calling which they may see fit to choose, and it will be found, in the end, that our industry has gained by doing so. After all, "one brain is worth two pair of hands—any day."

THE GREAT object of an American is to die rich; of a Frenchman, to live rich.

patriotic dames to join the Loyal League? Hear what one of them says:

By a solemn league and covenant our ladies now are bound to wear no foreign fabrics when domestic can be found, like our patriotic grandmamas of the days of '76, who gladly gave up silks and teas to help their country's "fix." And we, the girls of '64, will follow in their path, and gladly dress in homespun robes and brave the foreign wrath; we'll have no silks from ports of France, we'll do without kid gloves, and wear the gloves that nature gave, like patriotic doves. Geneva watches shall not tick beneath our homespun belts, nor will our lovely faces shine beneath imported felts; our brides shall blush 'neath natural flowers instead of those of France; no foreign masters shall we have to teach us how to dance. The beauties hiding not their bloom with veils of print or thread, will turn their eyes, cast fatal darts, and shoot their lovers dead; and those who foreign labels paste upon their home-made bales unless they quickly take them off will not find ready sales—for all have joined, both young and old, to help their country's need, and give support to those brave hearts who now for Union bleed.

.....We are requested to state for the Importation Committee, that the non-arrival of boxes expected by this Committee has occasioned some little embarassment in this department. Fortunately the four boxes sent from San Francisco by the late Rev. J. STARR KING's congregation, contained Japanese and Chinese goods, shells, rare minerals and valuable curiosities, which rendered them particularly appropriate for this department. A large-sized photograph of this eloquent divine occupies a central position at this stand, and a printed placard calls attention to the fact, that the articles displayed on the shelves and counter beneath, were contributed by his congregation. Among these were Japanese cabinets, trays, boxes of all descriptions, China vases, cups and saucers, and a beautiful bowl, an exquisitely carved ivory card case, a rare Japanese dress, Chinese umbrellas, fans, kites, fireworks, paintings on rice paper, an oil picture, by GLEASON, of *The Golden Gate*, photographs of California scenery, and of the late Rev. J. STARR KING and the interior of his church, and many other equally interesting contributions. The demand has been so great for these articles, that very few are now left. A box from Sweden has just been opened Others are daily expected from Paris and Constantinople.

As we have said before several times—and intend to keep on saying—there is at the *Daily Fare* counter, in Union avenue, second central table from the door, the celebrated dagger of GARIBALDI, borne by him in all his battles, which is to be "allotted" to a popular favorite—that is to say, any person, on payment of a certain sum, being allowed to record the name of any one to whom he may wish to have it assigned. Among all the objects in the Fair which are being balloted for, there is not one so truly valuable or curious as this. Its historical associations are more interesting than those attached to any one weapon of modern times. The voting for it is, we believe, progressing, but we have not at hand the figures which set it forth to-day. Among other books of registry is that of the BOOK OF HONOR, in which any person who chooses may, on paying one dollar, record the name of any soldier, whether officer or private, who has fought in this war, or of any loyal man or women who has in any way aided the great cause of the Union. It is to be hoped that many will be recorded, as the work—which is to be deposited in the Philadelphia Library after the conclusion of the Fair—will be a great curiosity in a few years, and a cause of true honor to all whose friends and relatives are inscribed therein.

We beg leave to call the attention of visitors to one of the novelties to be found in the New Jersey Department. In the centre of the Burlington county table stands an exquisite specimen of the rare art of illumination. A text of Scripture, the words—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men," is elaborated in the most tasteful and striking manner, being painted in rich colors and gold, with wonderful skill. It is the work of Miss JEANIE LEE, of Burlington, and by her presented to the New Jersey Department of the Fair. The beautiful, and appropriate frame of black walnut, in which it is enclosed, and which adds so much to the effect of the whole, is the gift of ANDREW JONES, Esq., of Philadelphia. It is to be sold by subscriptions of twenty-five cents, and presented to the chapel of St. Mary's Hall, and all old pupils of that institution visiting the Fair will have an opportunity of placing their names on the list.

.....Among the attractions at the Book Table, a correspondent enumerates the following:

Here is to be found Audubon's Birds, a splendid copy of the folio edition, price $250 Copies of this work have frequently brought $800 and $1000. Also the Boydell Shakspeare, valued at $500, and to be subscribed for as a gift to Mr. MURDOCH, who, by his own exertions, has raised $60,000 for our sick and wounded soldiers. This splendid book was presented to the Fair by the Rev. Dr. WM. FURNESS, and is the copy originally in the possession of the Duke of Bedford. The magnificent Centenary Festival Edition of SCHILLER'S Minor Poems, which adorned this table during the first two days of the Fair, was sold on Thursday to ROBT. M. HOOPER, Esq., for $100. F. LEYPOLDT was the munificent donor of this book, and also of a copy of DORE'S Illustrations to DANTE, photographed and bound in one thick volume, the price of which is $40, while the original work costs $60. PORSON & NICHOLSON have contributed a gorgeously bound copy of COPPEE'S Gallery of Famous Poets, and ASHMEAD & EVANS, a fine assortment of photograph albums, one of which, bound in crimson velvet, enriched with exquisite wood coverings, is surely a gem of its kind.

Among the books published expressly for the Fair, and for sale at this table, are the Practical Cook Book, by Miss Moss; Poems and Translations, by Mrs. R. M. HOOPER, and Mrs. OWEN WISTAR'S charming life of WALTER NEWHALL.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT, Esq., Chairman of this department, undertakes to furnish any book not on hand, which may be ordered.

.....One of our humor-loving Friends, on entering the Penn Parlor, was asked by a lovely qua—aint little Friend of his acquaintance, if he would not buy a photograph? Carefully revolving the old play upon words, he purchased it, slyly saying, "MARY, in thy hands the foe-to-graphic art becomes a Friend."

.....The following *billet-doux* was picked up in the Floral department last night. It was written in pencil, and the address illegible. We suppose "Mollie" will know the author.

Oh fairest Mollie, wilt thou, dear, be mine?
What shall I do to gain thy hand and heart?
At *modistes'* bills I never will repine,
Nor at the price of cashmeres wildly start.

Do you a deed of high emprize require,
Whether to pull Jeff. Davis by the beard,
Or Beauregard to cane with virtuous ire,
To do or die your X—— is not *afeard*.

A GREAT SUCCESS.

The Committee announce that financially the Fair is a great success. The receipts since the opening have averaged about $100,000 per day. Yesterday, $14,000 was received for admissions alone, and the receipts for about one-third of the Department was $49,000. One table in the "Lingerie" Department took in cash yesterday, $2,000.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.

BY A WOUNDED SOLDIER.

Among the contributions from "without the city," none were more admired than the blue velvet album filled with sketches by Philadelphia artists. This we owed to two patriotic sisters-in-law, we were told, and it was one of the attractions of the "Art Gallery."

The contributions from Switzerland were very beautiful and valuable. Musical boxes, watches, bracelets, the famous Swiss carved work, silks, and some "kirsch-wasser" in which you could drown your sorrows, and some "absynthe," in which you could dry them up again. More than $12,000 was derived from the Swiss goods alone.

In fact, the "Seventeenth-street building," which "rose like an exhalation," was built to accommodate the great overflow of gifts from abroad. One table indeed (Mrs. R. M. Hunt's) made over $28,000 from foreign goods. Even "perfide Albion" found a voice and sent us a very handsome contribution.

The Seventeenth-street building had a ghost of its own. If we had known he intended to come, we should have exhibited him for pay, but he was evidently an honest ghost, and had not his price. So anybody of an evening could go

The decorations in this department are in very good taste. The battle-fields of the rebellion are commemorated on the walls in letters of evergreen, and the flags and trophies are arrayed in such order as to attract notice.

The Department of Art is situated at the northern end of the Avenue, and the collection is mainly from Delawarians resident in Philadelphia. Two tables are devoted to the works of art, and among these are some of the most beautiful articles within the Fair buildings. The walls are decorated with portraits on oil of General BURNSIDE, General HOOKER, General ROSECRANS, Admiral DUPONT, and other military and naval heroes. TABOR & Co., of New Bedford, Massachusetts, contribute a number of photographs and ambrotypes, which are perfect specimens of the art. GOUPIL & Co., of New York, give a number of charming water colors. Figures in bronze and Parian ware ornament the tables, and add to the beauty of the exhibition. The table on the east side of the Art Department contains a magnificent statue of "Night," in bronze. It will be a rich prize for the lucky purchaser. Parian bust of "Spring," bronze figures, copies of Canova, including a beautiful bust of "Psyche," are among a few of the choice articles in the line which the industry and good taste of the ladies have succeeded in drawing to their department.

The paintings include W. T. RICHARDS' "Harvest Scene," and also a fine crayon sketch. Two medallion copies of THORWALDSEN'S "Night" and "Morning" will prove very attractive. In addition to these paintings and statuary, there is a fine array of phantom boquets and flowers, and perfumed French gloves, the whole forming a collection which is second to none in beauty and value in the Fair.

The other tables contain a large assortment of fancy goods. A splendid Afghan graces one of these tables. Fancy baskets, worsted-work, bead-work, chess-tables, are displayed in great profusion, together with an assortment of new ware, styled "Majolica." "The old woman who lived in a shoe" is holding her court in this department, ready to receive visitors and entertain them in her own peculiar fashion. Mrs. MITCHELL, Mrs. HARRINGTON, and Mrs. GRAEFF were very active in collecting articles for this department, and they deserve great credit for their exertions. Wilmington and New Castle have been particularly energetic in the work, and the citizens of these these two counties should be entered upon the Roll of Honor.

As an indication of the great progress the people are making in these days of rebellion and revolt, we may notice that on one of the tables of the department a rooster is represented having in his claws a large snake of the Copperhead persuasion. The reptile is firmly held to the ground, and beneath is the significant inscription:

"When I have crushed the Copperhead I will crow."

A Post-Office is attached to the Delaware Department, and as it is in charge of a number of beautiful young ladies, it promises to become very popular. The Post Mistress has made the *Daily Fare* the official organ for the Department, and anxious correspondents or love-sick swains, cannot do better than to peruse each issue of our journal. Perchance something of interest may be waiting an owner, and the first intelligence can be secured through the columns of the *Daily Fare*.

The Department of Curiosities of Delaware is very rich, and the antiquarian will find a large collection of articles connected with the early history of the State. After examining the display, we could not but wonder that Delaware had not, years ago, organized her Historical Society. The Society is organized now, however, and as it received a very good start, and the right kind of men are among the list of members and contributors, it must be a success.

Visitors will be surprised to find how often BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S name is mentioned in connection with articles associated with the early history of the State. The BEDFORD family, which furnished the first judge of Delaware, exhibit a large collection of these interesting relics. A punch strainer, made from the first silver dollar earned by FRANKLIN when a boy, selling papers about Boston, and presented by him to Judge BEDFORD, is among these relics, together with a pair of silver sugar tongs, presented to Mrs. GUNNING BEDFORD, by FRANKLIN. The BEDFORD family also exhibit a curious and valuable snuff-box, presented by the Count D'ARTOIS to Mrs. G. BEDFORD.

A piece of the first calico printed in America, by HAMILTON ROWAN, on the Brandywine, in 1796; a piece of a set of homespun bed-curtains, one hundred and thirty-four years old; a bible, in two small volumes, one hundred and eight years old; and a book of Pryor's Poems, printed in 1718, are a few of the curious articles in this department. The PENN Tankard, presented to Judge BEDFORD by the PENN family, in 1788, is another of the articles interesting to Pennsylvanians. There is a fine collection of Japanese porcelain ware, Indian and Chinese curiosities. The portraits of several of the members of the BEDFORD family add to the interest of this collection of rare and curious articles.

The first American flag raised on the soil of South Carolina after the passage of her ordinance of secession, will attract attention. The gallant DUPONT was the hero of this achievement. The rebel flag captured by the same officer at Fort Beauregard, is a fitting companion-piece. A number of rebel trophies will be found near these; and there is enough to interest and instruct the visitor should he give an entire day to the examination.

Delaware is not behind her neighbors in her devices to secure money for the Sanitary Commission, independent of the sales at the tables. A peep at the interior of Uncle Tom's Cabin can be secured at a very moderate rate, and the visitor cannot do better than to invest. His or her curiosity will be abundantly satisfied.

Our Daily Fare, on its fourth number, had made, as nearly as can be estimated, about six thousand dollars for the Sanitary Commission .....All advertisements of goods for sale in the Fair are inserted *gratis* in this department. They should be written in as *brief a form as possible*, and left with any of the ladies at the Newspaper Table, Union avenue, second centre table from the Eigteenth street entrance. Items of all kinds in reference to the Fair may obtain publicity in the same manner.....We recommend the Floral Departmentists to diminish the number of their decoy ducks—or else of their little navy. One or the other. In real life ducks and ships don't "coagulate" together by the attraction of gravitation into numerous clusters.....One of the most beautiful objects in the Fair is a table made of "leather-work," to be seen at the Dover table in the Delaware Department, and which is truly a work of art, with its exquisitely grouped leaves and trailing vines. It is offered at an alarming sacrifice for the delightfully absurd sum of Twenty-five Dollars.

Let every one take a look at the dear little Old Woman in the Shoe, in the children's Department. Where they find such darling little girls we really can't imagine. Be it remembered that,

> "Every child who buys a toy
> Heals the wounds of some brave boy."

So the motto of this department declares. Apropos of the Little Old Woman in the Shoe, our Daily Fairy declares that the said Old Woman's family are all on their best behavior, and are quite willing to be seen, even at the risk of being sold. We bid thee, however, O, reader, to pass not away from this room until thou hast seen the exquisite doll and cradle—which doll moves its hands and arms by watch-work, and has a large wardrobe. This imperial Puppetina Duchess Von Kinderspielzeug is, however, to be raffled for, like any common doll—at a dollar a chance. Among the books for young folks for sale here we note The Children's Hour, of which the *Daily Fairy* aforesaid promises us a review. Of the automaton rope-dancers, the magic, the trumpeter and the monkey, and Blitz—who conjured unto us in our tenderest youth, and yet seems younger than ever, even as Cagliostro did of old—behold, are they not all there in full fling? Take the young ones there, and make them happy.....Would not this be a good time for our